Hotſ. My Liege, I did deny no priſoners,
But I remember when the fight was done,
When I was drie with rage, and extreame toyle,
Breathles and faint, leaning vpon my ſword,
Came there a certaine Lord, neat and trimly dreſt,
Freſh as a Bridegroome, and his chin new reapt,
Shewd like a ſtubble land at harueſt home:
He was perfumed like a Milliner,
And twixt his finger and his thumbe he held,
A pouncet boxe, which euer and anon
He gaue his noſe, and tookt away againe,
Who therewith angry, when it next came there,
Tooke it in ſnuffe, and ſtill he ſmilde and talkt,
And as the ſouldiers bore dead bodies by,
He calde them vntaught knaues, vnmannerly,
To bring a ſlouenly vnhandſome coarſe,
Betwixt the wind and his nobility,
With many holy day and lady termes,
He queſtioned me: among the reſt demanded,
My priſoners in your Maieſties behalfe.
I then, all ſmarting with my wounds being cold,
To be ſo peſtred with a Popingay.
Out of my griefe and my impatience
Anſwered neglectingly, I know not what,
He ſhould, or he ſhould not, for he made me mad,
To ſee him ſhine ſo briske, and ſmell ſo ſweet,
And talke ſo like a waiting gentlewoman,
Of guns and drums, and wounds, God ſaue the marke:
And telling me, the ſoueraigneſt thing on earth,
Was Parmacity for an inward bruſe,
And that it was great pitty, ſo it was
This villanous ſaltpeter ſhould be digde
Out of the bowels of the harmeles earth;
Which many a good tall fellow had deſtroide
So cowardly: and but for theſe vile guns,
He would haue beene himſelfe a ſouldiour.
This balde vnioynted chat of his (my Lord)
I anſwered indirectly (as I ſaid)

And I beſeech you, let not this report
Come currant for an accuſation,
Betwixt my loue, and your high Maieſty.
Blunt. The circumſtance conſidered, good my Lord
Whatere *Harrie Piercie* then had ſaid
To ſuch a perſon, and in ſuch a place,
At ſuch a time, with all the reſt retold,
May reaſonablie die, and neuer riſe,
To doe him wrong, or any way impeach
What then he ſaid, ſo he vnſay it now,
King. Why yet the doth deny his priſoners,
But with prouiſo and exception,
That we at our owne charge ſhall ranſome ſtraight
His brother in law, the fooliſh Mortimer,
Who in my ſoule hath wilfully betraide,
The liues of thoſe, that he did lead to fight,
Againſt the great Magitian, damned Glendower,
Whoſe daughter as we heare, the Earle of March,
Hath lately married? Shall our coffers then
Be emptied to redeeme a traitor home?
Shall we buy treaſon? and indent with feares,
When they haue loſt and forfeited themſelues.
No, on the barren mountaine let him ſterue,
For I ſhall neuer hold that man my friend,
Whoſe tongue ſhall aske me for one penny coſt,
To ranſome home reuolted Mortimer.
Hot. Reuolted Mortimer?
He neuer did fall off, my Soueraigne Liege,
But by the chance of warre, to proue that true,
Needes no more but one tongue: for all thoſe wounds,
Thoſe mouthed woundes which valiantly he tooke
When on the gentle Seuerns ſiedgie banke
In ſingle oppoſition hand to hand,
He did confound the beſt part of an houre
In changing hardiment with great Glendower.
Three times they breathd, and three times did they drinke,
Vpon agreement of ſwift Seuerns floud
Who then affrighted with their bloody lookes,